

# The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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WHOLE NO. 171.

## The Poet's Corner.

### THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

[Col. John Hay, in his "Castilian Days," tells the story of a noble duke, who shut up his stately mansion when his dead wife was carried out of it, and left it to fall into decay in the midst of surrounding life.]

Not a hand has lifted the latchet  
Since she went out of the door;  
No footstep shall cross the threshold  
Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges,  
And mold and blight on the walls,  
And silence faints in the chambers,  
And darkness waits in the halls;

Waits as all things have been waiting,  
Since she went, that day of Spring;  
Borne in her pallid splendor  
To dwell in the Court of the King;

With lilies on brow and bosom,  
With robes of silken sheen,  
And her wonderful frozen beauty,  
The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,  
But they died long, long ago;  
'Twas the odorless ghost of a blossom  
That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left mock the shadows  
With hints of womanly grace,  
And her image swims in the mirror  
That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music  
Where the sunshine riots outside,  
And the winds are merry and wanton,  
With the summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion,  
Where love has closed the door,  
Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter,  
Since she can come in no more.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

### THESE THREE.

No viewless angels by our side,  
With wings, but women sweet and good;  
"These three," indeed, with us abide,  
True types of womanhood.  
Yea, I, in turn, have reached a hand  
To each one of the blessed Three;  
In one fair group I've seen them stand—  
Faith, Hope and Charity.

My Faith hath misty hair, and eyes  
You cannot fix their changing hue;  
But all the world within them lies,  
And all the soul looks through;  
Her voice doth make divinely sweet  
Each song of sorrow which she sings,  
And saddest wisdom fills replete  
With heavenly comfortings.

My Hope is ruddy with the flush  
Of morning joy, that keeps its place,  
Though day has darkened, and the rush  
Of rain is on her face.  
Her clear eyes look afar, as bent  
On shining futures gathering in;  
Nought seems too high for her intent,  
Too hard for her to win.

My Love hath eyes as blue and clear  
As clefts between the clouds of June,  
A tender mouth, whose smiles are near  
To tears that gather soon.  
Her best and loveliest she takes  
To light dark places; wastes of life  
She sows with precious seed, that makes  
All richest blessings rife.

Faith, when my soul in darkness dwells,  
Shall sing her song throughout the night;  
For each new effort life compels,  
Hope's clasp shall nerve with might;  
Love shall divide each grief of mine,  
Share every joy thus doubly given,  
With each, in turn, life grows divine  
With all its tastes of Heaven.

ISA CRAIG.

## Our Special Contributors.

### GLIMPSES FROM MY WINDOW.

#### SCENES FROM GERMAN LIFE.

##### NO. 7 SCHILLER PLATZ, DRESDEN.

Shut up with a sprained ankle, in my apartment in a German town, the round of usual occupations interrupted, what can I do but gaze out upon the ever-shifting panorama passing before my window?

Why don't I practice, when one principal object in coming to Germany was improvement in the divine art of music, in the land of "music and musicians?"

I'd like to see you persist in practising, when one of the three old Polish *Grafins* in the *Parterre* goes through the operation of dying once every day or two, and sends up a polite request to the *Fraulein* that she wishes her last agonies to be undisturbed by the sound of mortal music, though it is rather exasperating, after complying with her request, to see the usual procession of Bath Chairs start off from the door, each containing a "*Graf*," and each propelled by a *Dietsman*. And then Herr Klinckhart, who lives in the apartment above us, decidedly protests against scales and trills and quavers. At first, I thought it very remarkable that the moment my morning practicing commenced, some person should begin to nail down carpets in the room above; but it needed only to look around my own little *salon* to remind me that carpets are not nailed down in Germany, each polished floor having only its own little square of carpet in the centre. Then, too, the louder I sang, the louder became the pounding and thumping, till at last it was hammered into my brain that the noise above had distinct reference to the noise below. Herr Klinckhart, it seems, takes Tom Moore's advice to the letter, and acts upon the principle that

"The best of all ways to lengthen one's days,  
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear;"

but he honestly pays back what he steals, in turning night into day by turning day into night again; and as my devotion to "Winter's Studies" materially interferes with his morning slumbers, he takes this delicate mode of telegraphing to the *Fraulien*, to whom he may not speak, that her melodious voice has not the power to charm him into forgetfulness. The racket becomes appalling, and at length I despatch my little *Madchen* to Herr Klinckhart, with a verbal message to the effect that if he is ill I will cease my practising; but otherwise I consider his conduct as insulting in the extreme. Herr Klinckhart returns for answer that "he has a headache every morning," and will thank the *Fraulein* to defer her practicing till afternoon," to which the *Fraulein* replies by a burst of melody, assuring the somnolent Herr, in the most distinct German she can command, that "she'll sing and sing forever, ever—sing and sing forever," which assurance must be soothing to his wounded

feelings. He probably stuffs cotton in his ears, and pulls his feather bed over his head, and turns to his repose, for the "mysterious knockings" have ceased. But one's throat will not allow one to go on "singing forever," and the sprained ankle must rest on a chair, and time begins to hang heavy. Tauchnitz is voluminous; but Tauchnitz is not inexhaustible, unless one is inclined to imbibe a vast amount of trash into the system. One cannot study German all the time; it is not good for the eyes; so, in order to rest them, one is compelled to gaze upon the outer world, and here the ever-varying scene keeps them riveted upon the Platz.

And first, the daily gathering of German soldiers for drill and inspection—fine, manly, stalwart-looking fellows these—every one of whose movements mean work and not play. Now comes the distribution of bread—huge, black, repulsive-looking loaves. (The French prisoners have white bread, their delicate stomachs not being able to digest the rough German loaf.) Now comes another gathering of soldiers. This is an "*Ein-quartierung*," each man being given a card, telling him upon which house he is billeted. Now passes a gang of red-legged Frenchmen—prisoners on their way from the station to their wooden city down on the Elbe. Small, slovenly, dirty-looking creatures they are; and comparing them with the ruddy, clear-complexioned German soldiers whom they are passing, one can well understand why those of one nation are victors and the other vanquished. The difference between the two is everywhere seen. German officers refuse to go into society, or to dance during the war; but the French officers who are prisoners here accept every invitation from American or English sympathizers, and in a ball-room are the gayest of the gay. Not long since, I saw some of them dancing to the "*Wacht am Rhein*," and other German patriotic airs, apparently unmindful of their ruined country and their suffering and dying comrades. Truly, I believe these Frenchmen would dance over their father's graves!

And now passes a poor, crippled object, which reminds me of the great number of deformed, distorted sufferers in Germany. It is said that the immense burdens imposed upon the women in this country cause so many of the children to be born to hopeless, helpless suffering. One poor little woman pines down the Platz every day, who constantly excites our commiseration. She is broken like a twig, short off, but bent over on one side, her head coming to within a foot of the ground. Slowly and painfully she crawls along, supporting herself with one hand against the houses as she goes. She never asks for charity; but occasionally a kind-hearted passer-by stoops far down, and places in her twisted hand a few "*pfennings*," and she is too weak and exhausted to utter her thanks aloud. On enquiry, I find that she lives alone, doing all



## The Revolution.

her own work, and carrying water and coal herself up four pairs of stairs to the little room in an attic where she makes her home. I have sometimes in a morning's walk had the curiosity to count the number of these distorted, crippled creatures whom I might meet, and it has amounted to fifteen or twenty.

And the Platz is full of poor little bandy-legged babies, waddling about in the snow, their legs making a perfect hoop, and the soles of their shoes meeting as they roll along on their outer ankle bones. The custom of rolling the babies up in feather beds like chrysalides, and bringing the end of the little bed up between their legs tends to this peculiar conformation of their lower extremities. Thus, like the paposes of the Indians, they are packed away, unable to kick or stretch their legs, and thus carried on the backs of their hard-working mothers, or laid away in corners or on top of loads drawn by these human beasts of burden, they spend the first year of their existence. Then they are unpacked and set upon these little crooked legs, and somehow they absorb the notion that if they do not take care of themselves there is no one else to assume the responsibility, and so they go tumbling out into the world and "rolling home," till old enough themselves to get into the traces and put on the harness for a life of drudgery like that of their parents before them.

And here passes a group, the sight of which once excited my horror and indignation, but to which, or to similar ones, I have by this time become quite accustomed. An old grey-haired woman, who ought to be at home by her chimney corner with her pipe and her knitting, resting for a moment after her life of toil before she goes hence, is bending nearly to the ground in her efforts to draw through the deep snow a great wagon loaded with coal. Behind her are harnessed two dogs, also tugging and straining, for a man walks beside them with a whip, and behind the load two little bandy-legged children are pushing. This load of coal has been drawn from a place five miles away, and when it reaches its destination, the old woman will unload it, and she and the children will carry it in, and for their share in the work they will receive a few groschens, and to-morrow they will go and bring another load.

And now passes another wagon, and still a stranger group, for this wagon is drawn by two women, and the freight in the wagon is a living one—a great, stout, ruddy man, riding at his ease, and, in gruff tones, directing the women as to their destination. It is hard pulling for the women, for the snow is deep, and they tug and pant in their efforts to drag the wheeled vehicle with its heavy load. Germans in America will say, as they have said of such statements before, that this is not true; but every American who has ever been in Germany will confess to having witnessed sights like these. Whether our friend in the wagon has no legs, or whether they have never been unrolled since his babyhood, I cannot say; but certain it is that the women of his family are more than helps-meet for him, and are "true yoke-fellows to one another."

And here comes a funeral; the hearse like a great hay-stack covered with black, and hung with garlands and palm branches, while round the top are texts of Scripture; the horses are draped with black. In advance of

the procession walks a woman without a hat, and bearing a palm branch; behind her six other women, their heads covered with veils, and with garlands of flowers in their hands, and each side of the hearse walk men also with palm branches or garlands. Behind, in a straggling procession, come the relations and friends; and so they go slowly on till they turn into the gate, on which is inscribed the "Entrance into Rest."

And now, dashing through all this misery and sadness and drudgery and distorted helplessness, come the gay-livered out-riders of the King, his Majesty following in his grand state carriage, with postillions before and tall footmen behind; and other grand carriages follow, and the bells of the horses make a musical jingle as they go; and the little crooked woman, who has not yet reached the corner of the Platz, tries to raise her eyes to the gay spectacle, and the worn and wearied women, dragging their heavy freight, turn out into the deep snow, and snatch a moment's breathing spell, while the glittering pageant dashes by, and possibly a dim and indistinct idea slowly works its way through their sluggish brains that things are somehow rather unequally distributed in this world of Germany, which is the only world they know about, and perhaps the thought, though not so poetically worded, makes its moan in their souls,

"Oh! why not some of the pain to them,  
And some of the joy to me."

But patience, toil-worn daughters of poverty! The poor old King has his burdens, too, to bear, and carries often a heavy, anxious heart beneath his kindly smiling face.

*Io Triumph!* The procession of Bath Chairs has just moved from the door: the old *Grafins* moving on in the order of seniority, and Herr Klinckhart's footstep has been heard descending the stair; and as he is very certain not to come "home till morning," and as the oldest *Grafin* cannot go through her usual dying performance at home for at least half an hour, I turn with a free heart and glad voice to my piano, and trill and flourish and quaver, unchecked by fears of thumping canes or dying groans. S.

BOOTH'S RICHELIEU.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It is nearly a year now that France has occupied the foreground in the eyes of the civilized world. The nations stood watching in a kind of breathless amazement, as one act after another of the awful tragedies hurried itself across the old stage of the Rhine-land, until, at last, the Prussian legions closed around Paris, and the great city was left alone in her beauty and desolation. All this time it seemed as if the great governments of Europe waited for each other to speak, but England, who might naturally have been expected to take the lead, sat silently by "her white faced shore;" and Russia, amid her snows, grim and watchful like her own bear, only shook her mane; and Austria, whose haughty heart one fancied must be stirred by old traditions and grudges against the house of Hohenzollern, did not rouse herself by her mountains and rivers, while, at this juncture, Spain and Italy had their hands full at home and France was left to shake herself as best she could from the long death-gripe which her own pride and madness had brought to her throat.

The silence was broken once, it is true. There stole across the waters from the heart of a people who could not forget Lafayette, a greeting to the young Republic just staggering to its feet, with Bourbon and Bonaparte watching alike jealously on one side for the first chance to throttle it, while on the other stood fierce and menacing the "mob" so easily lashed into madness, and whom ages of wrong and misrule have taught not to recognize its deliverers when it beholds them.

Something of all these thoughts must have been in the minds of the crowds for whom Edwin Booth has been of late so fitly repeating his "Richelieu." It was simply a piece of the seventeenth century set down in the waning of the nineteenth; the great men and the great political eras of France having just now an unusual interest for the public.

The real Richelieu is one of the problems of history. His whole career, from first to last, was so marvellous that it outstrips any dream of poet or novelist.

Booth's Richelieu comes first upon the stage an old man, and there is something so grandly pathetic in that lofty, solitary figure, that it rises at once upon our imagination and grows more and more upon the heart. The Richelieu of Edwin Booth is a sublime conception of genius, all the outlines are simple and grand, marred by nothing small, meretricious or "stagey." The great statesman's last birthday was his fifty-seventh, and through all the movement of the drama, the actor by some subtle power of genius impresses us with a conviction that it is not years, but the burdens of state, the wear and tear of the stern, fiery, dominant soul which has wasted the form and chiselled the cold, pallid, beautiful features of the great Minister of Louis the XIIIth, into the likeness of death. For this fact must never be lost sight of: the Richelieu of Edwin Booth is in its broad outlines substantially the historic Richelieu.

Strong sovereign, implacable as fate, the man stands before you as he stood to his contemporaries more than two centuries ago; he is the deadly foe of feudalism, the conqueror of the Huguenots, the man at whose name courtiers grovel, who has hurled down from their seats of power and splendor the great nobles of France, and ground them in the dust.

Watching the long wasted fingers, over which the firelight plays with such soft poetic beauty, you feel that they hold the destinies of France. Here is the master, in the great political game of Europe; he has won in the match with Austria and the struggle with Spain, he it is who has brought the proud heads of Chalais and Cinq-Mars to the scaffold, and sent the haughty widow of Henry IVth to wander for years a homeless pauper amid the courts of Europe, and to die at last amid penury and misery in a foreign land, while her son still wears the crown of France. Yet the weak, perplexed, small-souled Bourbon never at heart loved the Prime Minister to whom he owed his throne; bore him that grudge which shallow, incapable natures usually feel toward great benefactors, and again and again made spasmodic efforts to free himself from the hand that lay heavy on the monarch as it did upon his nobles. What ever Richelieu's faults were, and history lays a heavy count at his door, the one great central purpose of his life seems to have been



## The Revolution.

the prosperity and aggrandisement of France, and it is this passionate patriotism, this dominant pursuit of the cardinal's life, which shines through all Booth's magnificent dramatization, which commands our sympathies, which justifies the deeds of the stern, inveterate, iron statesman of Louis XIIIth. The whole movement of the drama is sustained loftiness, yet there are felicitous touches of human nature which relieve the tension, and that little scene between the Cardinal and Friar Joseph, where the great statesman betrays a weakness for his verses akin to that of Shakspeare's lover, over rhymes to his mistress' eyebrow, is brought out with exquisite effect.

All that was beautiful, and lofty, and poetic in the genius of mediæval feudalism had disappeared before Richelieu came upon the stage. Against its rampant vices, its towering pride, its devouring greed, its brutal strength, its grinding despotism, the Prime Minister of Louis XIIIth took his stand. It needed a strong arm to stay the torrent which had gathered the force and the traditions of centuries; a mighty soul to hurl down the vast power which overshadowed France and lay a blight and palsy upon the young energies of the nation.

With men like Richelieu the end justifies the means. France was not ready then—God help her! I fear she is not two hundred years later—for a Washington.

Whatever stood in the great statesman's path he brushed it from his way; calm, ruthless, cruel as fate, no tears, no prayers, no human pity moved that iron, inveterate will. And this is the Richelieu of Edwin Booth! That superhuman energy, that sovereign nature, that imperial will, that remarkable political forecast, that magnificent courage without which the great statesman could never have acted his lofty role on the political stage, are all brought living and vital before us, and we see at a glance as it were, and as we never could, from any study, however penetrating, of his character and era, the high qualities which raised the young churchman from obscurity and made him the ruler of France, the master of its monarch!

One who has ever seen will never forget that stately central figure of the play moving with such impressive grace and dignity across the stage, the limbs stiff with pain, the gasping, rattling cough, the grey shadow creeping heavily upon the face, and yet the stern, resolute, dominant spirit shining with such splendid lustre over all. The strong, haughty, picturesque figure of the old man stands there like a military column, in its supernatural power and its unutterable loneliness, the friend, the deliverer, the passionate lover of France. Envy and malice, hatred and revenge, make the air thick about him; hired assassins are in his household and among the soldiers of his body-guard; intrigue and conspiracy weave their meshes about him; the weak monarch who owes his kingdom to Richelieu turns against him; yet bold, sovereign, unrelenting in the midst of his enemies the solitary old man tracks the treason and lays bare the conspiracies and vindicates himself triumphantly, and at last the young monarch driven to bay, frightened with the proofs of treason and indiscretion shaking his throne, commits the whole power of the government into the hands of his Prime Minister, and when the curtain falls at last upon

the Richelieu of Edwin Booth, it is the very Richelieu, the absolute ruler of France, who, with the pomp of a sovereign, surrounded by guards, escorted by an army, was carried home from the scaffold of Cinq-Mars to his royal palace to die.

Having said this for the actor, it may not be amiss now to speak a word of the man. I have not the slightest acquaintance with Edwin Booth, I hardly know a personal friend of his, yet it seems to me that the transcendent beauty of his acting would lose its finest charm were it not for the lofty tone, the delicate purity which prevades it. This, like a soft poetic atmosphere surrounds and interpenetrates all his dramatic conceptions. I think every man and woman of fine and sensitive intuitions among his audience, will go away with the conviction that Edwin Booth is not only a great actor but a good man; good, I mean, in the sense of aspiration and fidelity to lofty ideals of truth and nobleness, for though the shining faces may sometimes gleam faintly through gathering mists, yet the soul with whom these dwell, will, in the main, however swayed by force of circumstance and temperament, be true to its own central integrity.

### THE NEW RENDERING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY HARRIET H. BROOKS.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to unite the political bands which have disconnected them since the great fiat went forth. "Male and female created He them, and to them gave He dominion," etc., etc., and to reassume among the powers of the earth the united and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent regard to the opinions of mankind require that they should declare the causes which impel them to propose this reunion of the sexes in the governmental power.

We hold these truths to be self-evident,—that all mankind are created free and equal; that they are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes, and accordingly all experience hath shown that womankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the form to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to govern half of the citizens of the United States without the consent of the governed, it is their right, it is their duty to seek to share in such government; and to provide new guards for future felicity. Such has been the patient sufferance of these women, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to seek to share in the government. We feel that men must

therefore acquiesce in the necessity which demands a union of interests and a union of expression in the political affairs of the nation.

We, therefore, a large portion of the women of the United States, appeal to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, and by the authority of many good people, both men and women of these United States, solemnly publish and declare, that these women of the United States of a right ought to share in the freedom of the men of these free and independent States, and that we are absolved from all allegiance to a government to which we are not allowed representation, and that any political distinction between us and our husbands, fathers and sons is and ought to be abrogated, to the end that a true union of our best common interests may be attained and firmly and finally cemented, based upon the recognition of the principles we enumerate in this our Declaration of Independence; and that, therefore, as free and moral agents we ought to have full power to help to avert war, to ratify peace or control alliances, establish commerce and to do all other acts and things which a free moral agent may of a right do, and for the support of this declaration with a firm reliance on Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our actual lives—our presumptive fortunes.

### Book Table.

NARRATIVE OF MY CAPTIVITY AMONG THE SIOUX INDIANS. By Fanny Kelly. With a brief account of Gen. Sully's Indian Expedition in 1864. Cincinnati: Iristach, Baldwin & Co., Printers; 1871.

Many of the facts in Mrs. Kelly's singular narrative are still fresh in the memory of the public. The strange and harrowing experiences through which she has passed in a life history embracing only twenty-six years, are almost without parallel. In 1864 she started with her husband and adopted child, and a small company of emigrants, from her home in Kansas, to go and assist in forming a new settlement in the gold regions of Idaho. When only a few days out upon the plains, the party was attacked by a savage band of Sioux Indians, and all with few exceptions were butchered. Mrs. Kelly was carried off into captivity, her husband made his escape almost by a miracle and the child was brutally murdered. These facts she did not learn until many months after she was overtaken by her sad fate. Her captors, comprising perhaps the most bloodthirsty tribe of the nation to which they belonged, bore her off to their hunting grounds near the Big Horn range of mountains. Here they joined their tribe, and for more than five months during that sanguinary warfare carried on in the Indian country, when Generals Sibley and Sully were engaged in crushing out the spirit of savage rebellion that reared its venomous crest all over the unprotected portion of the far west, Mrs. Kelly was held in bondage. The cruelties, privations and dangers she endured, the heroic efforts she made to escape from a thralldom almost worse than death, compose a narrative of thrilling interest. Her coolness and command of resources—that quality which we call having one's wits about one—frequently saved her life in moments of extreme peril. Owing to a clever ruse she was enabled to save Captain Fisk's command from falling into a trap laid by the foe, and also gave timely warning to the chief official of Fort Sully, of an attack contemplated by the Indians; for these brave deeds she received from Government, after her release, the sum of five thousand dollars. The book abounds in heart-rending stories by an eye-witness, of the atrocities practiced by the Indians on the whites whom they slew or captured, and leads one to understand something of the deadly hatred which the frontiersman feels towards the red-skins. It is forcibly written in a much better style than one generally encounters in such books, and can scarcely fail to interest those who undertake its perusal.



# The Revolution.

## Notes About Women.

—A vacant mind takes all the meaning from the fairest face.

—If domestic infelicity drives men to sea they should seek the Pacific ocean.

—An inclined plane—An ugly woman with a Grecian bend.

—Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth has just published her fifty-fifth novel.

—Clara Schumann, the celebrated German pianist, is coming to the United States.

—A daughter of Owen Lovejoy has been appointed Postmistress of Princeton, Ill.

—Brigham Young is said to have lost twenty-seven mothers-in-law in five years.

—Susan B. Anthony says she intends to speak until women have their rights—and then she'll talk more than ever.

—The Egyptians in their worship always call upon the *Mother God*, as well as the Father.

—A bachelor was formerly "the owner of a grazing farm." He was the "baccalarius," and his farm was "baccalaria."

—Madame Gerolt, wife of the Prussian Minister, has lived for thirty years in Washington.

—An ingenious young woman wonders why Mr. Jefferson doesn't play Rip Van Winkle in his good clothes.

—A mother in Providence says her child is "real well, as she feeds it on consecrated milk."

—Bacon said: "In youth, women are our idols; at a ripe age, our companions; in old age, our nurses, and in all ages, our friends."

—Cultivate flowers and vines in your houses; they are the prettiest, cheapest, most humanizing ornaments in the world.

—There is a female cent society in New Hampshire that has collected \$74,829 within the last sixty-five years.

—Miss Mary L. Booth, of the *Bazar*, receives \$4,000 a year, and Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, of the *Health and Home*, has a salary of \$3,000.

—An old bachelor says, women ought to succeed well at billiards, for they are "dead sure" when they go for a pocket.

—A Syracuse girl poisoned herself because her lover got pious and wouldn't marry her, only offering to pray for her.

—It is reported that Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of the "Gates Ajar," is about to be married to a young clergyman.

—Ida Greeley, a daughter of our friend Horace, is said to be one of the most finished mathematicians in the United States.

—It is painful to see how many men wind up the week by reeling home at midnight on Saturday.

—Song of the women suffrageists, "We are coming Uncle Samuel with fifteen millions more."

—It is now stated that there are over one hundred female lecturers in the country, and the number is increasing every month.

—The grand jury for the term which convened at Laramie on the 6th instant was composed of nine men and six women.

—Spanish women of high rank refuse to have anything to do with the young queen, and her situation is described as forlorn in the extreme.

—That woman was a philosopher, who, when she lost her husband, said she had one consolation—she knew where he was on nights.

—Mrs. E. Billings has been appointed postmistress at Fernandina. She will look after the *billet-doux*.

—Let children sing! Dr. Rush said that the reason why Germans die so seldom with consumption, is the fact of their singing from the earliest childhood.

—The lady barber in Chicago is so overrun with business that she has taken in her younger sister to attend exclusively to the lathering.

—The history of the siege of Paris will be written for the *Atlantic Monthly* by Dr. Mary W. Putnam, daughter of the great New York publisher.

—Captain Rogers, an English officer in India, has invented a tiger trap, to be baited by a woman. In the absence of divorce courts the bait is to be furnished by unhappy husbands.

—The eldest daughter of Henri Rochefort has become, it is said, a member of the dramatic company at the Odeon (classic) Theatre in Paris. Some years ago, Rochefort was quite wealthy; but he is reported to have spent all his money in the Red Republican cause.

—Mrs. Allibone, wife of the author of the "Dictionary of Authors," acted as her husband's amanuensis, and copied 30,000 large foolscap pages for the press, besides doing a great deal of other work, as looking up and verifying dates, facts, &c. She evidently did a large share of the work, but received none of the credit.

—The American Woman Suffrage Association will hold a mass meeting in New York, at Steinway Hall, on Wednesday, May 10th. Names of speakers will be announced hereafter. HANNAH M. T. CUTLER, Pres.

LUCY STONE, Chair Ex. Com.

—Mrs. Annie E. McDowell, the able editor of the "Woman's Department," in the Philadelphia Sunday *Dispatch*, has made arrangements to contribute regularly to the Sunday *Republic*. The columns she filled in the *Dispatch* made the most interesting portion of the paper.

—The widow of John Brown lives in Humboldt county, Cal., with her son Salmon and her daughters Sarah and Ellen. Anne, who was with her father at Harper's Ferry, is married in California. The two sons, John and Jason, live in Ohio; Owen, in Pennsylvania, and Ruth remains at the old place in North Elba.

—Some one has discovered that the Queen of Holland is the author of the vigorous and bitter leaders against Germany, which have attracted so much attention in several of the leading journals at Rotterdam, the Hague and Amsterdam. The Queen is represented to be one of the strongest and most sarcastic writers for the press in the Netherlands, and deserves to be considered a born journalist.

—Seven girls in Cincinnati have associated themselves into a society, having for its object the investigation of the antecedents of wife hunters. Any girl having an "offer" may apply to the society, and in less than a week she will receive a history of her lover from his youth upward. The marrying business is likely to be dull after this in Cincinnati, but those who do venture upon matrimony will probably find themselves better bound, with more chances of permanent happiness, and greater stability in the connubial knot than is generally enjoyed in Western cities.

—Miss Mary Killgore, recently graduated at the University of Michigan, was admitted April 4th, to practice at the bar of Michigan, being the first case of the kind which has ever occurred in the State.

—A religious weekly attributes Clara Louise Kellogg's success as an opera singer to the fact that she was reared in and still adheres to the Methodist faith. Does the editor mean there is methodism in her art?

—Mrs. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Phoebe A. Hannaford, Julia Vibbert, and the Rev. W. H. Murray, of Boston, were voted for as preacher of the next election sermon to the Massachusetts Legislature, and the last named man was elected.

—There are 271 females in Taunton taxed directly for property to the amount of \$1,106,174, on which they pay a tax of \$14,269 77; also forty-three females having property taxed to husbands guardians, &c., amounting to \$163,653, paying a tax of \$2,111 13.

—The parents of Boston are at last aroused to the necessity of taking some measures to prevent the slaughter of their children by the forcing system of the public schools. We hope their example will be felt here in New York.

—The Brownstown, Indiana, women have held a public meeting in which they "resolved" against "worthless, lazy, whining husbands, resembling so many insolent Egyptian mummies." All of which goes to show that the Jackson county women will not do to tifle with.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Bryan, of Washington Ohio, recently recovered \$450 of seven different liquor dealers of that town, for selling spirits to her husband in violation of the law, thus depriving herself and family of support and rendering them dependent on friends and neighbors. We wish all the publicans in and out of Ohio could be handled in the same manner.

—The Working-women's Protective Union of New York, held its anniversary meeting, on the evening of April 5th, at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. The audience was very large and fine. James W. Gerard, Rev. Stephen Tyng, and Henry Ward Beecher, were the speakers of the evening. Mr. Gerard stated that \$50,000 were needed to carry on the good work, and he proposed that the Legislature be applied to for \$25,000 of the sum. Dr. Tyng thought that the public, not the Legislature, should meet the emergency. Mr. Beecher took the ground that an appeal should be made to Albany, not because the community would not furnish the needful funds, but because it would keep \$25,000 from mischief. He spoke in commendatory terms of the zeal of the courts in seconding the efforts of the "Union" to oblige rascally employes to disgorge. Since its establishment, this noble association has prosecuted to final judgment, in courts, fifteen hundred cases of fraud against working women, and compelled the payment of wages withheld to the amount of \$6,000. Besides righting the wrongs of this illy protected, helpless class, the Union also seeks new and appropriate spheres of labor for women, and sustains a registry system by which those out of work may be assisted in finding employment. It is officered by some of the most prominent men and women of this city and Brooklyn, and is one of those charities for which we thank God.



## The Revolution.

—Miss Jennie Collins, the indefatigable, noble-spirited worker, in aid of poor women has devised an admirable scheme as the basis of an institution to be called Young Woman's Apprentice Association. The plan grew out of the demand for skilled workwomen which considerably exceeds the supply, and the necessities of an immense class of young girls who are needy because they are untrained. The object of the institution is to teach needle-work, machine work, and scientific house-work. Apprentices are to be taken from fifteen to twenty-one, and they are to receive the privileges of the institution free of charge. Inducements are to be offered for talent, and ingenuity, and inventions. Miss Collins has petitioned the Legislature for a grant in furtherance of this excellent object, and if she does not receive State aid, it is to be hoped that private benevolence will put the needed funds into her hands.

—We were not aware that wives were sufficiently plenty in Colorado to be disposed of like horned cattle, but it seems not long since out in that benighted region, a husband actually bartered away his better half to another man for the valuable consideration of ten dollars. The whole affair was transacted in a business-like manner, refreshing to contemplate. There were two children in the bargain. One of them staid with the father; the remaining boy went along with the other man's purchase, and the three repaired to the former home of the woman, the new husband having purchased the furniture. All this is shocking, but it is not in point of fact so very different from some species of matrimonial barter and sale which goes on in more civilized parts of the Union.

—Isa Craig's graceful poem which we print this week, entitled "These Three," commemorates three of the writers most valued friends. "One of the fair group," observes the *Imperial Review*, "thus symbolized has passed from among us; and as there is a public interest in the two remaining, due to public service they have rendered, we may be excused from giving this interpretation; "Love" or Charity represents Bessie Raynor Parkes, now Belloc; "Faith," Adelaide Anne Procter; and "Hope," Emily Faithfull."

—The outrageous laxity of our marriage laws is illustrated by a story which comes to us from Carroll county, Mo., of a girl twelve years old, who was forced by her parents to marry a man aged seventy-three. If the father and mother were barbarians, what can be said of the clergyman or magistrate who could be induced to perform the shameful ceremony?

—The *World* gives a partial advocacy to legalizing the social evil on the ground that unlawful practices which are transacted surreptitiously and quietly do not call so urgently for suppression as unlawful practices which are transacted with gross and impudent publicity. This beautiful method of whitening sepulchres, full of all uncleanness, appears to have ardent supporters among the New York police, who shut their eyes and play there are no Keno or Faro banks, panel houses, abortionist establishments, or lottery swindles, until informed of their existence by a daily paper. You may cover up and smooth over ever so adroitly, O, *World*! but the fires of hell will still break out.

—John T. Bridges was several years ago taken to prison on a life sentence for murder. Lately he received a pardon, and although his crime divorced his wife, she met him at the door and re-married him that same day. How many husbands are there ready to do the same by guilty wives. We want examples of this sort on the male side. If fidelity is a virtue in a woman, it is a virtue in a man to exactly the same degree.

—Mrs. Stanton writes to the *Golden Age*, relative to the rumor that she is about to become a denizen of Ann Arbor, Mich., for the purpose of giving her sons and daughters the educational advantages of Michigan University. She says:

"This is what I desire to do, and shall do, if I can convince these sons and daughters and a certain venerable gentleman, chained to two thousand musty old statute books and the dingy courts of the metropolis, that this would be a desirable change. Having no catlike attachments to places I would go anywhere for educational advantages; but all people are not so easily transplanted."

—At the close of the session, in response to a complimentary speech addressed by Mrs. Hooker to Gen. Butler, Judge Loughridge, and other members of the XLth Congress, who had ranged themselves on the side of woman suffrage, Mr. Julian, in his response, said:

"You are pleased to express the hope that some of the retiring members of the Forty-first Congress may hereafter be returned to the places they have filled. For myself, I am weary of the service in which I have toiled for so many years, and I welcome a season of rest, or at least a change of labor. But when your hope goes farther, and points to our return here by the votes of enfranchised women, and our welcome from a sisterhood of co-representatives in the halls of Congress, I confess the prophecy is so pleasing and the picture seems so tempting that its realization would completely reconcile me to my restored place in the House of Representatives, or even to a seat in that smaller body at the other end of the Capitol."

—A touching story is told of a young sister of Alice and Phoebe Cary, whose early death was deeply lamented by her friends. A few weeks before her departure, and while she was still in health she appeared for some minutes to be plainly visible in broad day light, to the whole family, across a little ravine from their residence, standing on the stoop of a new house they were then building, though she was actually asleep at that moment in a bed chamber of the old house, and utterly unconscious of this "counterfeit presentment" at some distance from her bodily presence. This incident is said to have given the sisters a strong interest in the phenomena of "Spiritualism."

—The University of Michigan last week threw into more marked contempt, by way of contrast, that hoary old sinner, the Edinburgh University, by graduating two of its daughters with distinguished honors. Miss Amanda Sanford, the first female M. D. ever sent out of the medical school, is described as a good-looking lady of about thirty-eight. Miss Sarah Killgore was graduated from the law department. Her standing in the class was very high. She took precedence of her gentlemanly brother students, while ascending the platform to receive her diploma; but we are sorry to learn that she wore an excessively long train, which impeded her motions. She will have to lay an injunction on that nuisance, we suspect, before she begins her regular practice. The subject of her thesis was the "Rights and Liabilities of Nominal Partners," which some of the newspaper reporters have tried to turn into a feeble joke.

—The wretched farce, called "justice," by which witnesses and injured persons are imprisoned like criminals, is forcibly illustrated by a story which comes to us from San Francisco of a stranger who last October was knocked down and robbed in that city, afterwards was arrested as a witness and confined one hundred and eight days in an underground cell of the city prison, and on his liberation received only \$55 as a compensation for his loss of time, disgrace, and suffering.

—Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, the indefatigable Washington member of the National Committee, has issued a circular, in which she requests all those who have sent in names for the "Declaration and Pledge," and dollars for the publishing fund, to gather up other names and donations and transmit to her. She announces that the Autograph Pledge Book will be kept open for signatures until woman is enfranchised, and she begs that the names may be sent with or without money, according to the ability of friends who make a response. May those who have not yet sent in their names be now induced to do so speedily.

—We copy the following from the *Sun*: "Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton recently delivered a lecture on the "True Republic," in the Academy of Music at Philadelphia, before the largest audience assembled there this season. As might be expected, she discussed the question from her standpoint of woman suffrage. After arraigning the Democrats for a lack of inspiring ideas, she referred to the Republicans, and showed how Gen. Grant had broken down the party. At the close of a criticism on his Administration she happened to say: "On the 4th of March, 1873, he will retire from the White House rich and infamous." A round of applause followed, intermingled with a few hisses. A contest then commenced between the hisses and the applauders, which ended in cheer after cheer from the great mass of the assembly. And when afterwards Mrs. Stanton proposed Chas. Sumner for the next Presidency, the hall rang with plaudits.

—Some one, through the columns of the *New York Tribune*, proposes to raise a fund by voluntary contributions to erect a monument over Alice Cary's mortal resting place in Greenwood. Dr. Deems thereupon indicates his desire that the money already subscribed for the memorial window, in the Church of the Strangers, be appropriated to the same purpose. Excellent as the motive undoubtedly is which prompts the suggestion, we cannot help dreading the sight of a pile of marble over the remains of the beloved poet. To us there is something dreary and crushing in this monumental pomp that ill accords with the beautiful spirit that so dearly loved all forms of nature, and would be better pleased, it seems, with a simple tablet marked with a name and with springing grass and flowers, and the mottled shadow cast by waving boughs. We cannot help thinking that what ever memorial bears the name of Alice Cary it ought to take a living form, and bless the living to be in accordance with her noble and unselfish humanity. The funeral urn, however rich, could not, wherever she may be shrined up in bliss, impart a joy to compare with the knowledge that somebody, ignorant, weak, or tempted, had been taught, strengthened, or rescued in and by her beloved name.



## The Revolution.

### Our Mail Bag.

#### THE STORY OF A LITTLE FOUNDLING.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, March 15, 1871.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

Last winter the morning paper brought the following account:

A fair young American had fled from her family in New York, to share the fate of her betrothed, who had returned to Germany to fight the battles of Vaterland. When she arrived in Hamburg, where his friends lived, he had gone to the front. She went to Berlin hoping to gain permission to go to him, and there she gave birth to a premature child—her condition, it seems, was not known to her friends. She had but one thought and aim—to again meet him to whom she had confided her love. Encumbered by her child she could not do it, limited as she was in means. The language was foreign to her, and she was among strangers; and how was the child to be disposed of? She read in the not infallible *Murray* that a foundling house existed in Vienna where children were received without questions and without money, and here she came in the coldest weather, illy prepared for so long and bleak a journey. She drove from the station with her child direct to the Asylum, there to learn that no foreign child was taken without paying something like \$200; she had scarcely enough to pay a return passage and much less than to deposit that sum with her child. She then gave herself into the hands of the police with the declaration that the child could not and would not be retained by her. Her youth and beauty and her sad condition elicited no little sympathy for her, and she found those who befriended her and who made up the needed sum to secure for the child a place in the Asylum. I intended to go and see if I could render her any assistance, but the evening paper told of her departure, and since then I have met those who had seen her, and have felt much interest to know more of her history and the fate of the child, which I had little doubt was among the eighty of every hundred of those taken into the Foundling House who died.

A few days since I was, as usual, at the Children's Hospital during the hour of prescribing for out of door patients, when a child was brought to gaze from its downy decking and laid upon the table; after removing its two little aprons, opened behind, and its blue-bowed cap—the usual dressing of all children here, whether rich or poor—there was something so fine in the child's features, so unlike the common clay usually inspected, that the hasty glance of the doctor did not fail to observe it, and he said to the woman, "Is it your child?" Rather hesitatingly, "Yes," she replied, and she manifested all the anxiety and tenderness that a mother could for a child. But something impressed me that there was an untold history in the lump before me, and when the child was taken into an adjoining room to be again swaddled in its bed of down, I followed and asked if she had not adopted the child and she said, "Yes, and perhaps you may have read something of the mother last winter;" and strange enough, it was the same little creature about whom I had been curious. The adopted mother had lost all her own children, and applying to the

Asylum had received this as her own. She told me that recently the mother had written from New York to ascertain the whereabouts of the child, and had expressed a desire to obtain it, "But," she added, "I will not give it up."

When I stated the story to the doctor, he could see only a selfish motive, that called forth so much apparent love for the child—a hope to receive a good price—but I was ready and willing to believe that the mother's heart, left vacant by the loss of her own little ones, found the consolation of love in this, her adopted charge.

She came daily. A wet nurse was advised, and every suggestion was faithfully carried out, but with every visit the large blue eyes became more and more sunken, and the delicate vein twigs upon the temple more marked, and then she came alone and wept, and said that little Amelia had been taken from her, and I wondered if a few lines telling of her death might not reach her mother's eye, so that she should know that she was cared for lovingly, that tears of love fell upon her peaceful little face, and that in the church-yard stands a little board cross bearing the name of *Amelia Allen*.

Yours truly,

MARY SAFFORD.

#### THE SOCIAL EVIL.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

I have just finished the perusal of an article in your columns in favor of licensing the social evil, and also your reply, which covers the ground so well that I shall not have so much to say.

The writer signs herself, "A Mother, and a Woman of Sad Experience"—there are many such. The majority of them have but a very faint idea of the causes of the evils from which they suffer; and probably the ideas of those who have thought most deeply are very crude and imperfect.

God forbid that I should cast a shadow of suspicion upon the motives of this "mother," though she has made herself very liable to such suspicion, and also to the charge of ignorance as to the practical working of license laws, where they have been most thoroughly tried.

I am glad she asked God, and not me, to forgive her for suspecting the motives of those who opposed the present system or method of licensing the social evil, which, I take it for granted, she approves, as she found no fault with it; not even suggesting any amendments or modifications. If we could have a license system that would subject licentious men to the same surveillance as their victims, perhaps good might be effected by checking or putting a stop to their evil practices.

We know that the result of the license system in France has only been to make the evil and its consequent diseases more widely spread, and more generally diffused throughout society; so much so, that in the late war, the German physicians declared it almost impossible to cure the wounds of the French soldiers, because their blood was so impregnated with syphilitic disease.

Under any system of license, the most that any physician could do would be to keep the body free from external "eruptions." He could not prevent the nervous prostration

and loss of vitality that produces those *dead spots*, for such they really are.

It does not avail much to whiten the outside of the sepulchre, while within it is full of all manner of uncleanness.

I sometimes think that the reason why the French cannot establish a Republic is because the fires of sensualism and disease burn so fiercely within, that they are incapable of self-restraint and self-government. But as the internal viscera of the body is not very sensitive, there may be no physical "squirming" or "writhing in torment," and if the disease can be kept from breaking out on the surface, of course there are no "sores" and no "scratching." But no whitewashing process can prevent the partial or total loss of manhood and the consequent enfeeblement of the race, that is produced by the practice of this evil.

Moreover, I believe that licensing the evil has a tendency to cultivate and foster, instead of restraining it; though both the evil and its effects may be thereby more thoroughly concealed from observation.

I too am a mother. I have sons and a daughter, some of whom are grown to manhood. My maternal solicitude upon this subject is not in the dim distance of a far off future, but a present and never ceasing anxiety. At one time, through the influence of a friend, who had looked just deep enough to see the terrible effects of syphilitic disease upon society at large, I was almost converted to a belief in the expediency or necessity of licensing and regulating the social evil to "protect innocent wives, mothers and children." I asked one of my sons what he thought about it. "Mother," said he, "hundreds of young men in this city that dare not do it now, would visit houses of prostitution if they could only be assured that they would not be subject to the contagion of syphilitic disease."

This answer was enough for me. I should consider myself worse than a murderer, if I could knowingly use my influence to make the door of sin and prostitution apparently safe and inviting to my young sons.

The young man who acquires the habit of promiscuous sexual intercourse, renders himself incapable of permanent love and attachment to any one person. He loses his moral sense; if he ever marries, in nine cases out of ten, he will neglect his home and family and make them wretched, though there may be no "eruptions" of disease on the surface.

It is not well to make sin safe. Indeed you cannot do it. Sooner or later the curse of sin must follow in some form or other. The seeming safety is only a false appearance. The only sure and permanent remedy for the social disease is to put away the deep and direful evil that causes it. Let us put a stop to the sin.

Those who uphold and advocate the license system, also uphold and advocate the evil by saying that it is impossible to check or destroy it. Of course it is impossible, just so long as woman is the *dependent subject* of man.

Women do not prostitute themselves for pleasure, but always for money, and always men pay the price. Men are always the original employers and proprietors in this vile trade. They support the business. Let men pay as good a price for honest labor as they pay for the sale of virtue, and prostitution would cease. Prostitution is social, moral,



## The Revolution.

and physical death to woman. She would not knowingly and willingly destroy herself, soul and body.

When the equal rights and the just rewards of honest labor shall be secured to all, both men and women, we shall have social virtue and happy homes for all; instead of social evils and houses of prostitution and ill fame, and men and women everywhere of doubtful character.

Let no good man or woman betray his lack of faith in God and the right, by saying that justice is impracticable. The straight path of justice and righteousness is plainer and easier to travel than the crooked, slimy path of wrong, and sin, and evil, unless we as a people are willing to go backward, and slide down the slimy hill of corruption into national ruin and death.

Truly yours,

E.

SOCIETY AND ITS VICTIMS.

CHICAGO, March 30.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I wish to say a word in reply to "A Mother and Woman of Sad Experiences," regarding the licensing of houses of prostitution in our cities. There is but one way to control the matter with a license, and that is to make all the officers in the Registry Department "women;" all medical officers for the examination of these parties "women;" all police officers, who control or meddle with prostitution, "women"—strong, robust women—with a small force of men to be called upon when an unruly man shall cause trouble. Let a woman book-keeper occupy the doorway of every licensed house of prostitution to register the name of every man who comes to patronize the inmates of the house. "Women only" can conduct this thing safely. I believe Mrs. Potiphar never was known to "tear the skirts" of a woman. I understand that where these things have been licensed we have never had occasion to read anything concerning another "Joseph." The skirts of the officers are in a "wholesome condition," which fact gives us no very flattering opinion of the virtue of these officers. The fact is, no "good man" would ever accept such an office, and no "bad man" ever ought to be allowed to fill an office where the "weaker" are at the mercy of the "stronger."

God knows, and so does a woman of "sad experiences," or of any experiences whatever, that there is no end to the women—good, virtuous women, wives and mothers, who go into their graves rather than submit to an examination by a "man," although he be their own family physician, and they may have perfect confidence in him in ordinary matters. A woman who has "native modesty" never loses that modesty, although the whirlpool of circumstances, which has dragged her into the haunts of vice, emboldens her tongue to say many wicked things. Very many "prostitute women" to-day, if they were given the privilege to sink and rise (like "prostitute men" who are looked upon as good and useful citizens), would be very fit companions for such good citizens as wives, and quite as useful and ornamental to society.

The terrible disease that is ravaging the constitutions of the American people is the result of the "virtuous, autocratic women," whose sphere has been limited to their "home circle" and a few "select friends," and what

their dainty fingers can afford to do for the church, who are satisfied to be taught by their fathers, husbands and brothers never to breathe the name of "prostitution"—much more, never to offer sympathy or protection to such women. When such women sit in their "retired and genteel" homes, and read from the columns of a daily paper such a notice as this, "One more unfortunate found drowned," or "Suicide by poison of an erring woman," do they lift their virtuous eyelids from that paragraph, thinking they have no hand in the murder? Have those women lifted their hands to relieve the "innocent victims" of their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons of this very class of "exclusive" ladies? Do they ever read a passage from the Bible like this, "Inasmuch as ye did it not for the least of these, ye did it not for me"?

What would we think of a mother who would consent to have her baby occupy a nursery, where, in a "remote corner" where her creeping baby might chance to stray, there was a gap in the floor that descended into a pit where nothing but certain death awaited her darling child. This, my dear woman, is the "hole in the floor" of the nursery of society. Can you not furnish one square inch of plank toward covering this horrible trap for our daughters? If the human rats that infest our cities succeed in eating it out as fast as we mend it, let us at least put a secure net underneath, so that the innocent victim may not fall entirely out of our reach. What right have we to sit still and see so large a portion of our "fairest women"—women who are just as precious to their mothers as your daughter and mine dear madam are to us—driven "out of the world" into dens of vice.

The very fact that I am the mother of several daughters makes me love every other woman's daughter, whether or not she has fallen through that treacherous trap in society. God preserve our daughters from such a fate!

Better an innocent wife or child died oftener of the horrible disease that women are fostering by their "false modesty," and aversion to such unwomanly topics as prostitution. Better a thousand homes were brought to grief, and "woman's eyes unsealed," woman's lips opened, woman's hand lifted, to do what can be done by no one in this world but woman, cleanse the world of this filth. Where is our "virtue," where our "modesty," and we raise no hand against this horror.

You ask what can we do; I ask what did Christ do? We are no better than he. Christ said, "Woman I condemn thee not." He was a friend to a Magdalene, authorizing her to proclaim his resurrection first. "Go tell my brethren I ascend unto my father and unto your father, unto my God and your God."

Let us have "no license," but let us go to work like the true followers of Christ and cast down all barriers between good and bad women, as they have always been cast down between men. We need not fear that society can be worse infected than it is now. The stains on the soul of a woman can be washed as white as those of a man. I for one do not fear that I shall ever be contaminated by prostitutes in an attempt to do them good, but myself or daughters might be injured by association with prostitute "men," who are allowed to practice their business, unchallenged by law or society.

Let us have no police raids upon women—no fines or imprisonments more than those imposed upon men. I believe no woman would willingly follow this business three months if there was an opportunity to return to respectable society.

Let the "Board of Health" in every city (and they have it in their power), appoint officers among women, whose duty it shall be to give medical treatment and sympathy to all suffering in body or mind, called prostitutes; women in trouble have more confidence in each other than they have in men.

When men learn that they are liable to be exposed at home if they go to these places, and find that their characters suffer as much as the women, in consequence, then they will begin to stand guard over their passions instead of cultivating them which the license law is made for.

Truly yours, CYNTHIA LEONARD.

A MOTHER'S REBUKE.

MASON, MICHIGAN, March 17, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Among the many novel ideas and absurd sayings called out by the late Suffrage Convention held in Lansing, is one which for the past two weeks I have been trying to forget or let pass as unworthy the slightest consideration; but when I remember that it was from one claiming to be a Christian minister, a man who should command the respect of society, a husband and a father, I feel the indignation of womanhood rise within me, and can but exclaim, Heaven pity the man, and oh, ye saints, have mercy on that defenceless wife.

In conversation with gentlemen during the session, I am told that this reverend divine used most abusive language when talking upon this suffrage question, and that he put to the blush men who make but little pretensions to morality much less to christianity. Among other things he was several times heard to express, as his opinion, that "the only sure ballot any woman ever had, or ever could cast, was a fine healthy child of from six to fifteen pounds."

Shades of our departed mothers! pity, oh pity the poor handful of earth that cast this wretched ballot, for God knows the estimate he has placed upon the mother who bore him. Oh ye brutes of earth, happy are ye, that ye bring forth soulless offspring, lest they turn and taunt with cruel words the sacred bond of motherhood.

What the domestic relations of this "ballot" are, I was not able to learn, though the position a wife would occupy in the estimation of such a husband may be more easily imagined than described. Sad, sad indeed is the fate of that wife whose husband, be he minister or mechanic, sees nothing noble in her nature, nothing to love except as she ministers to the gratification of his brutish appetite.

Beautiful and holy is the bond of motherhood, sacred beyond every other tie of earth and the connecting link with angels and with God. But what language can express the emotions of a mother's heart when a minister of the gospel makes it the jest and by-word of the street, when he forgets the holiness of his high calling, and among the idle rabble berates and belittles womanhood? What an elevating influence the young men of that society must receive from their pastor, and how comfortably the wives and mothers of Lansing must sit beneath the "droppings of his sanctuary." But elder, with all your honeyed words and gracious airs I for one prefer to be excused.

A MOTHER.



# The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this Journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1871.

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| " 6 "  | " | " \$12, | " Butter Dish.   |
| " 5 "  | " | " \$10, | one linen damask Table Cloth.  |
| " 3 "  | " | " \$6,  | one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."                                     |
| " 3 "  | " | " \$6,  | Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."                                       |
| " 2 "  | " | " \$4,  | Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement. |
| " 2 "  | " | " \$4,  | silver plated Butter-Knife.  |

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

### MICHELET.

ROME, ITALY, March 21, 1871.

Among our many pleasant memories of Florence no one is pleasanter than that of our acquaintance formed there with the celebrated French author—Michelet.

France has been rich in great men, but of no period in her history has she more reason to be proud than of that to which belongs Beranger, Balzac, Thiers, George Sand, Lamartine, Guizot, Victor Hugo, and Michelet. In this brilliant constellation of genius Michelet's star is one of the most resplendent, and it shines with no reflected lustre.

As a historian one knows not which most to admire, the careful study, profound research, the calm, impartial, and philosophic spirit, which Michelet exhibits in his works, or the beauty of his pure and poetic style which lends so great a charm to any subject touched by his pen.

His minor works, such as *L'Oiseau*, *La Mer*, *La Femme*, and *L'Amour*, popular as they were in France, had even a more extensive popularity in America.

With the exception of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and George Sand, perhaps no French writer is so well known and so much admired in our country as Michelet.

We shall not soon forget the moment when we saw this great man for the first time. It was near the close of one of the balmy spring days, which are nowhere so balmy as in Italy.

The setting sun filled the little upper-room with its radiance, and its glowing light fell like a halo on the brow of the serene old man, who sat there in its evening beams.

That sinking sun seemed to us a fit emblem of Michelet's life in its calm, steadfast, and beneficent course in its meridian splendor, and in the glory and beauty of its peaceful setting.

The room was a very bower of verdure, for Madame Michelet is an ardent lover of flowers, and plants filled every available nook and corner; uncaged canary birds flew about too in a free and easy manner that showed the terms of good fellowship in which they lived with their master and mistress. The atmosphere of the apartment was full of peace and calm content.

Michelet has already entered upon his *seventies*, and his slight figure is a little bent by years or by the constant stooping over his writing-desk, which his long literary labors has caused. A profusion of soft gray hair falls about his face and softens the lines which time has made upon his temples. His hands are strikingly beautiful, white, soft and small; they are the hands of a poet, and their taper fingers and exquisite shape would serve a sculptor for a model. But that which most arrests ones attention in Michelet, is the beauty of his eyes. The fire of perpetual youth gleams in those dark, clear, wonderful orbs.

Age is often unlovely, but when it is beautiful it has an attraction far superior to the evanescent charm of youth. That beauty and that charm belong to the old age of Michelet.

It seems one of the attributes of genius that it triumphs even over the ravages of time. Michelet has none of the infirmities from which most men at his age generally suffer. His hearing is acute, his step alert and vigorous, and his intellect as active and obedient to his bidding as ever.

He has always been an early riser, and every morning, soon after six o'clock, he is to be found at his writing-table, where he works until twelve without intermission.

Just now he has been even more industrious than usual, for he has written a pamphlet, "*France before Europe*," which so interested and absorbed him that he wrote almost literally day and night until it was finished. It has already entered its third edition, a little more than six weeks after its first publication, and has been translated into English and republished in London; very likely ere this it has reached America, and has been reprinted there.

This last work of Michelet's has the vigor, the poetry, and the charm, which characterizes all his writings, and whether one agrees with his ideas on the political subjects of which it treats or not, all must feel the irresistible force of his eloquence and patriotism.

Of course, France and her unhappy condition are uppermost in his thoughts; he has little hope that the Republic will be permanent. M. Thiers does not seem to him the fit leader of the movement. He calls him a "*forte mediocrity*," an epithet not easily translated, but which perhaps would be faithfully enough rendered into our vernacular by the phrase, "*magnificently commonplace*."

He fears that France is not yet prepared for a Republican form of government, and he says that the women are a large element in this unfitness, since they are so greatly under the influence of the priests. That women should

have a voice in the government of the United States seems to him only just, and the natural sequence of Democratic ideas. Educated under our system, he thinks they are fitted to exercise the right of suffrage there; but he says the giving of the franchise to French women would be to turn backward the march of progress for at least a century.

Like all the French, his feeling against the Germans is intense, and like all the world he is surprised at the harshness, barbarity, and rapacity with which they have conducted this war. He will not willingly return to Paris until the hordes of the conquering army are out of it; but when in that city, he says that the men of letters are not much in the habit of seeking each others' society. In the first place, each is too busy to give much time to social pleasure, and as Madame Michelet slyly remarked, "I find literary men are always better friends if they do not know each other."

Madame Michelet is, herself, a graceful and pleasing writer, and her husband is so proud of her growing popularity as to disprove the time-honored theory that men of letters do not like literary wives.

She is much younger than her husband, but the affection that unites the pair is beautiful to see. It is not strange that the man who wrote *L'Amour*, and *La Femme*, should win the adoring homage of women. Those original and striking books were a marvellous psychological study. They revealed a knowledge of the feminine nature that was surprising in its extent and comprehension.

No man before had ever threaded successfully that subtle labyrinth—a woman's heart. That any man should have found the clue was strange, but that a Frenchman should have done so was stranger still.

To have one's inner-self thus laid open for general inspection, would have been almost painful, had it not been done with so tender and delicate a touch. But in this man, whose magical divining rod of genius revealed the most sacred and most closely guarded of the secrets of her inner consciousness, every woman felt that she had a true and sympathetic friend, whose power, while it startled and astonished, also delighted her.

France is and may well be proud of her great historian, Michelet; but it is to his less elaborate works that he owes his world-wide reputation, and to those same works which have made him the author whom women of all lands delight to honor, he may safely trust the perpetuation of his fame.

### AN EASTER WREATH.

It is peculiarly appropriate that the most beautiful and touching of all the feasts of the church, that which typifies the new life of the soul after the mortal part has been laid aside, should occur in the spring when nature is experiencing a new birth, with softened skies, and a tender trouble in the ground, quickening the sluggish blood, of trees, and grass, and flowers. A new fountain of hope has been opened, not only in woods and fields, but in the souls of men and women, and the Easter rejoicing seems to play as upon a harp of many strings.

There are conscientious, somewhat creed-bound people, doubtless, whose education and theological regimen cause them to stand aloof from ceremonies that seem to hint at popery.



Such scruples were once respectable, and even now where they have lingered on into the daylight of the new era, they are not to be scoffed at; but we are sincerely glad that every year gathers a larger number of worshipers about the Easter shrines, not only in Catholic and Episcopal churches, but in those of many diverse names. What Protestantism once rejected as savoring too much of the accursed thing it had renounced, it goes back reverently to reclaim, not in the old spirit of ecclesiasticism, but in the new spirit of liberty which takes all things that are true, all things that are lovely and of good report, and makes them its own.

There is a growing conviction in the minds of Christians of whatever name or sect, that this festival is beautiful and appropriate, calculated to stimulate religious feeling, quicken love, and strengthen faith in another and brighter existence. The custom of bringing flowers into our churches, heaping the fragrant buds and blossoms about the altars, or twining them into symbols of that mysterious and sacred love, passion, and sacrifice, which the Master's life and death embodied, is too good and lovely to be appropriated by religionists of any one name. We are glad to see the sweet violets and stately callas blowing on this day around pulpits where, a few years ago, the puritanical rigor was never broken by any such charm. Why should we not have flowers in our churches on every Sunday in the year, at least every Sunday when they can be obtained? They would, in many cases, preach better than the parson, and add the tender grace to religious services which they too often want.

There is a story we cannot con too often, or muse upon in our hearts without profit. The Easter bells chimed it musically last Sunday, and we knew that the common air is sweeter, that life is infinitely richer, that death is robbed of its dismay by one who sublimely lived, loved, suffered, and died, who was born in a manger, who was poor all his life long, who understood every human woe, and suffered all despite, was homeless, a wanderer on the face of the earth, persecuted, contemned, and yet gave good gifts to men; to whom millions of eyes and hearts are turned for aid to-day, and whose seamless robe the world-weary, the sick, sinning, and down-trodden, ask to touch that they may be helped and made whole.

The Easter anthem ran like a glad responsive throb through multitudes of hearts, and people were made better for a common, sacred sentiment, and life was sweeter with a clearer vision to look beyond the smoke and grime of this work-day world, where many loved faces familiar, yet changed as if snitten with glory, seem to invite to that celestial land where they dwell.

## MRS. SPENCER'S PROBLEMS.

The woman question has at last found its pithy, philosophic expression in a pamphlet of seventeen pages, written by Mrs. H. C. Spencer, of Washington. A part of these admirably stated problems appeared some time ago in the pages of *THE REVOLUTION*, taken from a single leaf on which they were originally printed. We are glad to see that the leaf has fructified and brought forth other leaves, with flowers and a stem-work of sound logic and right reason.

Mrs. Spencer was inspired to write these problems by the Anti-Suffrage Sherman and Dahlgren Petition, and if any of the one thousand is shrewd enough to solve them in a way which does not completely upset her own false and feeble position, it will be a matter of astonishment.

These are words of truth and soberness, penned in the simplest form, inspired by the deepest convictions of justice humanity. In a narrow compass, they involve the deepest significance of the great movement among women, and touch all the moral and social questions involved with a delicate and yet firm hand. These proverbs are the outgrowth of womanliness, and put the writer *en rapport* with her sex in a manner which must effect untold good. A most sensitive conscience, concerning all the natural and recognized duties of woman, betrays itself almost instinctively, and a religious spirit that would rescue the Good Book out of the hands of the Philistines, who wrest its meanings to suit their own selfish male creed, and restore it to the human race made up of men and women.

In speaking of the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land," Mrs. Spencer asks, "Did 'Jehovah' mean that the law makers of future generations should number their mothers with insane persons, criminals and idiots?"

"When He said, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife,' did He mean that the wife was a piece of property, or is the 'thou' used generically, and thy 'neighbor's husband' to be understood? or is 'thou' specifically a man throughout the Decalogue, and is woman therefore released from the whole Ten Commandments? If they are equally binding on both, and enjoin equal respect for the rights of both, how does the law from Mount Sinai compare with the laws of this nation in this generation?"

Again, in relation to St. Paul's command, she inquires, "Is it 'teaching' a man for a woman to quietly drop her own opinion on affairs in general into a box? Is it usurping authority over him to stand by him when you know he is right, and to stand alone when you know he is wrong? and don't every woman know that the truest love often lies in silent, tearful disobedience?"

We have gleaned here and there a few little gems from this admirable tract, which ought to be in every woman's hand, for its cunningly presented suggestions cannot help setting people to thinking. The cost of the tract singly is only fifteen cents, and it can be obtained probably by the dozen, hundred or thousand, at reduced rates, by applying to Mrs. Josephine Griffing, Washington, D. C.

## FALSE IDEAS OF DRESS.

The poets' charge that we know the right, and still the wrong pursue, can be laid at the door of multitudes of people in matters of health and every day comfort.

Nothing is better understood than that women, as a general thing, are much too tightly girt by their clothing, especially about the region of the vital organs. Almost any woman of ordinary intelligence when asked what she thinks concerning the practice of compressing the waist will acknowledge that it is injurious, and yet she doubtless allows her dressmaker to go on giving her several inches

less breathing space than she ought to have' because a made up form unnaturally nipped in here, and stuffed out there, supplemented with cotton, whalebone, and steel springs, and compressed around the digestive organs is a more perfect model of beauty than anything the creator has produced.

Thousands of women suffer a slow martyrdom from obedience to false and mistaken ideas of beauty. It is in vain to point them to the most famous models of the sculptor's art. It is useless to illustrate the truth by demonstrating that the Venus of Milo does not spindle down in the middle of her body to the shape of an hour-glass, but is all the way of a size, they will still prefer the revolving figure in the hair-dresser's window to the greatest masterpiece of ancient times, will still protest they dress loosely, while, as somebody has said, a boy or man put into their clothes would feel himself in torture, and make the first trial of his power by breaking bonds.

We are told "there is more vitality and physical strength expended by our women in wearing tight shoes and corsets, than there is in men in building up a fortune for their families." This is demonstrated by medical science, and it is furthermore demonstrable, that impeded circulation causes absorption of the muscles, congestion of the spine, and a generally diseased condition of the nerve centres.

Why is it that spinal diseases are so much more common among women than among men? We have not far to look for the reason. It is owing to the shameful and injurious compression which the most important parts of the female form are made to suffer.

A celebrated physician has asserted "that among five hundred women there are not fifty with perfectly healthy spines." The malady assumes a thousand different forms, and not unfrequently terminates in madness; and doubtless the larger proportion of female over male lunatics in our asylums is at least partly due to the horrible torture women inflict upon themselves in matters of dress. A free, healthy action of the brain is out of the question with the woman's frame pinioned, swathed and bound in inelastic bands, compressed from the sole of the foot to the chin even from early childhood all through life. Little girls are so fettered by dress, so enslaved to finery which they are enjoined to take care of, it is impossible for them to enter into the invigorating sports and exercises that strengthen and develop their brothers. No woman, however girt, will acknowledge that she wears a tight dress; but the truth is, few women know what freedom really means when applied to clothing. It is safe to lay down the rule that every garment is tight which in any way presses upon the body or checks the most spontaneous motions in which people can indulge. All progressive women owe it to themselves, and to those they may have it in their power to influence, to both practice and preach sensibly on these subjects, and thus do their share towards improving the physical condition of the sex.

**IN THOUSANDS OF CASES.**—Mrs. Winslow's *Soothing Syrup* for all diseases with which children are afflicted, such as teething, griping in the bowels, wind colic, &c., has been used with perfect and never-failing success in thousands of cases. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation and allays all pain. Mothers do not fail to procure it.



## The Revolution.

### PLATFORM HONORS.

Young women, with good natural parts, and what they too often mistake for genius, are apt to imagine that they can choose a career as they would choose a new bonnet, and leap at once into popularity and money making. At the risk of treading on the sensitive toes of some bright, vivacious girls, who look forward to the platform as the true field of development, and are even now making their maiden essays, we are feign to confess: that the lecture business, and that of female elocutionists, has been overdone.

The public prizes of life are very few. There are, perhaps, in the country a dozen or twenty men that lecture-goers care to listen to. Many of them have been prominent in this way for as many years past, and the number grows but slowly. These male favorites have marked genius and the highest culture. They are poets, philosophers, statesmen, who have, by assiduous, untiring work, compressed their knowledge, wit, and experience into, the most attractive forms for the delight of audiences from Maine to Texas. Distinguished as they are in other fields, they have not scorned to pay all due deference to the smallest New England lyceum by bringing there the very best they have to offer.

The people everywhere are enlightened and wide awake. There are good critics in the pettiest hamlets, and they will not pay their money to go and hear what is poor and trashy when they can be more cheaply entertained by books and newspapers. Female speakers have so multiplied within the past few years that people no longer go to stare at a woman on a platform with the same curiosity they manifest on witnessing the performances or the wonderful Gyascutus, even though she may be exceptionally pretty.

The advantage, if such it can be called, which novelty has heretofore given to some women aspirants for platform honors, has about worn itself out, and the gap must be filled by brains and ability, culture and fitting preparation.

The woman's rights movement in this country, in its incipient stages, was marked by a number of female speakers, who at once acquired eminence by their fitness for the calling they had chosen, their earnest convictions, and thorough ability to instruct and enlighten the people. Strange to say, although an army of followers has come after them, they still hold their own. We have yet no one more logical than Mrs. Stanton, more earnest than Miss Anthony, more persuasive and clear-headed than Lucy Stone.

Of course, there are exceptions, and very striking ones among this crowd. Anna Dickinson stands always first and foremost for eloquence and fire. Miss Field, Miss Logan and others are distinguished in different ways; but the fact still remains that many, much the larger number, have tried and failed. Mr. James Redpath, head of the Boston Lyceum Bureau, writes to *The Woman's Journal*, in order to say a word or two to the women who are studying elocution for the purpose of reading before lyceums. He declares "there are fifty candidates already for every possible chance. Readings are a drug. No lyceum wants them. Only a few readers in all the country have the slightest hope of obtaining a series of remunerative engagements. Dick-

ens," he goes on to say, "killed readings. His example and success caused a shoal of school girls to study a 'quarter or two' with some teacher of elocution, and the influence of their friends hurled them into lyceums thus unprepared, with all their imperfections on their heads. The result is a reaction against readings, deep, general and unconquerable."

These facts, instead of driving women off the platform, will only help to bring in a better order of female speakers and readers. The demand for higher culture and more thorough drill will be met by those who are capable of meeting it. There are among men, one, perhaps, in four or five thousand, capable of delighting or instructing audiences, who can, in fact, make this sort of publicity pay. The number may be greater among women, but it cannot be vastly greater. The time is coming, if it has not already arrived, when people will listen as readily to a woman as a man if she gives as much worth listening to. There is always room high up; but the prizes are not to be won cheaply. It would afford an admirable example if some woman would spend the time and toil in shaping, polishing and perfecting an address which Edward Everett spent upon his famous Washington oration, and also in acquiring the graces and fascinations of oratory which he had at command. Women ought not to expect to acquire in six months what men can only gain in years of unremitting toil. Admitting that women are more apt and ready at learning than men, the same still holds true. Let no woman be dazzled by the imaginary ease of a public career. Let her not for a moment suppose that ignorance and crudeness will tell less on the platform than in the dry, sober professions that require hard, steady, persistent drudging. The purest notes in Nilsson's voice have cost years of study, and when we pay four or five dollars for a place at one of her concerts, we are paying for all that costly preparation, no less than for the delight of a divine genius. Actresses like Ristori and Charlotte Cushman are the hardest, most indefatigable students. They can tell better than others the exactions which great ability imposes. There is something behind the footlights, and the applause, beside a downy bed of ease, and the incense of flattery; it is fidelity to an ideal that will not let the artist rest.

There is, we believe, among women a great deal of power which will make itself felt with the best possible results in church and platform oratory. If some are born to greatness, more achieve it through untiring effort. Hard work is not to be shirked; and women, however gloriously endowed, cannot be too often told that genius frequently breaks down, and fails miserably, where unflagging industry and assiduous cultivation win the day.

### THE ST. LOUIS EXPERIMENT.

We are glad the *Tribune* repudiates the specious report of the municipal authorities of St. Louis in regard to the hasty experiment of regulating the social evil in that city, and speaks a plain, distinct, unmistakable word against the abomination.

The St. Louis officials claim that there is less disease than formerly; that fewer women lead evil lives, and fewer men frequent disreputable houses. There is another side of the tapestry which we do not see in this St.

Louis report. How many women and keepers of dens evade the regulations? How many disreputable houses, and the practices which occur in them, are winked at by the guardians of the law? May not the taint grow, if it has not already spread in St. Louis as it has in Paris, where, according to Le Cour, the Prefect of the Police Medicale—a special body appointed for the "surveillance" of the public women—the virus shows itself on all sides. He says,

"These public women are everywhere, in the drinking shops, the music saloons, the theatres, the halls; they haunt the public establishments, the railway stations and carriages, they push respectable women off the pavements, they roll in carriages, they frequent the Bois de Boulogne, they plant themselves outside every coffee-house, they drive slowly along the foot-paths, there is a place by the lady's side she seems to offer the passer-by; there are hotels which freely open their doors to them at any hour if they do not come alone."

This is the way things were made externally decent in the French metropolis. Mrs. Butler in her recent work, called "The Constitution Violated," commenting on the severity of the French laws, and the perfection of the police system says, "the rigor under which vicious persons live in Paris gives rise to an *esprit de corps* which enables them to band together and brave the authorities."

Such was the state of things in Paris at the time Paris was the most thoroughly governed city in the world. Can we suppose for a moment that the half-trained, raw, unskilled, if not corrupt police of St. Louis can do more towards actually controlling that vice than Paris has done with its perfect municipal machinery, or can we suppose that the results will be vastly different in kind? Statistics show that legalization spreads and diffuses the evil; this is not a bare unsupported assertion, it is based on facts and figures.

The *Tribune* refuses to accept the report of a single year as final and conclusive evidence of the benefits of registration. We do not even accept the report as an exact statement of the vice as it actually exists in that western city. If the poison is kept from the surface it will, nevertheless, corrupt the blood. If it is prevented from appearing upon the skin it will bring imbecility to the brain. If it does not blab through the countenance it will shatter the nervous system and destroy manhood.

Five or ten years from this time St. Louis will doubtless illustrate—as Le Cour reported of Paris—that the law gives license to sin, while the officers of the law are powerless to check the growth of sin; St. Louis is attempting to feed the fire with the right hand and quench it with the left, and it is easy to see the end.

However much the women of the land may feel that they have been maligned and misrepresented in other respects by the *Tribune*, it deserves their most hearty thanks and devout gratitude for the stand it has taken on this question, for it boldly avers with a candor that does credit to both head and heart, that "if there is to be any inspection and regulation in the premises, we insist that the male libertines shall be inspected, and regulated, and be made to take out a license, as well as the female. If the regulators will thus give their system a fair and equal application, we will consider it dispassionately. Until they shall do so, we spurn it as an insult to womanhood; and so we presume every pure woman regards it."



## WOMEN VOTING IN MICHIGAN.

Great events often come to pass without observation. The Michigan election of April 3rd was one of the dullest and quietest that has perhaps ever taken place in that State. A light vote was cast, says a Detroit paper, and there were no crowds, no excitement, no fights, no food for items. Mrs. Nanette B. Gardner, the pioneer female voter of Michigan, drove quietly to the polls of the first precinct of the ninth ward, about ten o'clock in the morning, accompanied by her little son and two lady friends. There were a few bystanders about the polling place, but no demonstrations were made. She was allowed to deposit her ballot unchallenged and undisturbed by the least show of opposition. She voted the Republican ticket with two exceptions, favoring one male Democrat and a lady, name and office not mentioned. She brought with her a vase of flowers which she presented to the inspectors, and also an emblematic scroll, representing, among other things, a multitude of women just emerging from darkness, and entering the portals of an arch inscribed with the word, "Liberty," and the verse of a jubilant song beginning:

"We come free America five millions strong."

Flowers, symbols, and poetry, took the place of rowdism, dram-drinking, and profane swearing. This was certainly a fit inauguration of the establishment of woman's political recognition in Michigan. We are not at all certain that Michigan will not be the banner State of woman's rights. Her University has been opened to her daughters. A woman, Miss Killgore, was recently admitted to practice at her bar, and now two women have voted within the precincts of the same State by the rights bestowed on them by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution.

We have not yet learned the particulars of the election at Battle Creek, where Miss Mary Wilson exercised her privilege of citizenship in the same way. There certainly could have been no disturbance; all things must have been done decently and in order, else it would have been bruited abroad ere this.

Now that the women of Michigan have got their hand on the political crank, it is not to be expected that they will speedily abandon their advantage. If two women can vote there under the Constitution, why not two hundred thousand, or two millions. We are at any rate, likely to find out whether the amended Federal Constitution abrogates the restrictions of the State Constitution. Whether not only Michigan, but all the States, while ratifying the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to protect the blacks, were unwittingly opening the gate to let in the women. We believe they were, and predict lively times ahead. Mrs. Gardner and Miss Wilson have shown what pluck and resolution can accomplish, and it is safe to anticipate that they will find plenty of brave sisters to follow in their footsteps.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America

Burnett's Cocaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

## Miscellany.

### LADIES' CLUBS.

BY MRS. H. A. MORSE.

"Mixed Clubs," is the heading of an article in one of our recent dailies. It is very much interested in the danger threatening our sisters across the water. The proposition to establish a woman's club in London, has created the greatest excitement, and a "storm of displeasure in respectable circles," and we are informed of the astonishing fact "that the idea originated here, and in one instance is partly carried into effect. We marvel that our neighbor should be so far behind the times, for we thought there was scarcely a clever school-boy, and certainly not a progressive school-girl twelve years old, who is not aware that there are at least three *unmixed* ladies clubs well established, and doing the work that our contemporary admits an association of clever and *unexceptionally* respectable women might do with due supervisory care of the press and the more privileged sex; (*i. e.*, have a proper home or hotel where ladies coming from the rural districts could be entertained at moderate cost, safe in the hospitable care of their enterprising city cousins; we regret that this privilege comes too late, that the irrepressible woman had not waited to be so endorsed. In London, "with a boldness highly characteristic, Miss Francis Power Cobbe," it goes on to state, "has proposed a compromise, or in political parlance, a club with right and left wing and a central common ground, where its members, of both sexes, could be social, or exclusive at will. In opposition to this movement it says, "that most men who can afford clubs are highly conservative and would not join one of a mixed description." Possibly not, and as the ladies who do join clubs and sustain them, are supposed to be radical, and are not likely to participate in the habits or indulgences of the club masculine, it is just possible they would not join, or if they did, might object to the inspiration and continual presence of the spirits of wine and whiskey, and also that their vision be obscured with smoke, being in some degree impressed with the value of a pure atmosphere, would not enjoy narcotic vapors, or elect to breathe them oftener than their domestic peace obliges them to do in their homes. These are the primary reasons why it would be unwise to *mix* matters; then, too, ladies would and do use their clubs simply as social and literary reunions where they discuss the questions of progress and liberal ideas freely, and the *substantial* good things sparingly. They do not wish to follow the example of their brothers' in making the club a home where they may indulge in luxurious dinners, with elegant and costly appointments, which they do not or cannot afford their families, and where such social *exchanges* tend to cramp the mental and lower the moral nature. Far otherwise, the women's clubs thus far are designed as schools to teach and exalt woman to fill her future and larger life wisely and conscientiously. We could wish that the writer of this article could have met with "Sorosis" on Monday last; sat down with the lady members and their distinguished guests to the quiet but elegant repast, served in Mr. Delmonico's manner, and after discussing the substantial good things, partaken of the higher and finer

feast prepared by the officers and several committees. The business was disposed of in a clear and concise manner. Music of a superior order, instrumental and vocal, essays and recitations, both humorous and tragic, original odes, discussions ably sustained upon science, art, and ethics, followed in admirable order. We think he would have been constrained to admit that women have succeeded in gathering together a sisterhood or club of intelligent and high-toned ladies—women who represent all worthy motive and pure womanly work—and would have departed from that communion a wiser if not a better man.

### GONE OUT FOREVER.

Like drooping, dying stars, our dearly loved ones go away from our sight. The stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light ever shines before us, they suddenly pale in the firmament of our hearts, and their place is left empty, cold and dark. A mother's steady, soft and earnest light, that beamed through all our wants and sorrows; a father's strong, quick light, that kept our feet from stumbling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's light, so mild, so pure, so constant and so firm, shining upon us from gentle, loving eyes, and persuading us to grace and goodness; a brother's light, forever sleeping in our soul, and illuminating our goings and comings; a friend's light, true and trusty—gone out forever? No! the light has not gone out. It is shining beyond the stars, where there is no night and no darkness, forever and forever.—*Theodore Parker.*

—Love is an internal transport; so is a canal boat.

—The nearest an old bachelor gets to the matrimonial harness—a sir-single.

—A little Boston girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses; she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot.

—"I have this afternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses," said a conceited young parson. "Then that was the reason you called them 'beloved brethren,'" replied a strong-minded lady.

—"Your advice, as a man of the world. Which of the two Misses Wilson shall I take into supper? There they are by the mantel-piece." "Well, if you take the handsome one you'll have to flatter her; if you take the other she'll flatter you. To a man who does not want to marry, like yourself, I should recommend the first, as by far the least dangerous of the two."

—A sweet, wee morsel of a child, in blue merino and ermine, toddling slowly along Maple street, in Greenfield, Mass., recently, peering curiously up, through her flaxen curls, into the bare brown branches of the trees, was asked by a passer-by what she was looking for. "Oh!" she lisped, "Aunt Lucy says God is everywhere, and I've looked in every tree 'tween here'n grandpapa's, but I don't see nuffin of him yet."

—"Where the shoe pinches" is attributed to Plutarch, who relates a story of a Roman who was divorced from his wife, and who, being blamed by his friends, who demanded, "Was she not chaste? was she not fair?" held out his shoe and asked them whether it was not new and well made; "yet," he added, "none of you can tell where it pinches me."

—A certain lecturer quoted the Miltonic couplet:

"But come, thou goddess, fair and free,  
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne;"

and had the pleasure of reading the next morning the following phonographic transformation:

"But came that goddess, fair and free,  
In Heaven she crept, and froze her knee."



## The Revolution.

ONLY A FEW YEARS ago, among all the labor-saving machines, nothing was known for "wringing clothes." Then it required the muscle of women's arms, the straining of every cord, and frequently the laming of the whole body, to do what can be done now by a little child. Fewer years ago, there was a large sale of cog-wheel and wood frame wringers; but all that is passing away, for wood-frame wringers *mildew, smell, crack and rot*, while the *Colby Premium Wringer* is superceding all others. For family use it is far ahead. None of these old wringers approach in the slightest degree the perfection of the Colby. In it the *Moulton Indestructible Rolls* are used, and no rolls *ever come loose on the shaft*. It has no cogs to slip, catch, bind, bother, make wheel-grease to soil the clothes.

It has been their aim and effort from the first to produce a *perfect machine* for the purpose—a machine that should combine *just what is needed and no more*; that should be *light, easily worked and durable*.

The Colby Wringer, with Moulton's Patent Indestructible Roll, combines all these points more perfectly than any other, and to prove it, they offer the testimony of others who have compared and tested them. Send for their circulars and terms as per advertisement in another column.

### Special Notices.

While quackery and humbuggery have been stocking the shelves of our drug stores with preparations which are totally inefficacious to do the work which is attributed to them, Dr. Helmbold, of New York, has gone on with his researches and has enriched science with some of the most valuable extracts that have gone into popular favor for many years. The great success attained by Helmbold is alone a sufficient guaranty that he is not among the quacks, but that his discoveries have really been valuable acquisitions to science.

The success which has been attained by this great pharmacist has been attributed to the liberal manner in which he advertises; but when we confess that this has been, to a great extent, the means of bringing his valuable preparations into notice, their real success has arisen from their known value, established by fair and successful trial. Hundreds of people are ready to testify to their merits, who have tried them; and this is the safest guaranty that he has of his success. He has been a benefactor to science, and is now reaping the reward which he so justly deserves.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

**ALABAMA CLAIMS.**—If the nation is not weary of waiting for these unpaid demands which our government should enforce against the British, the individuals who own them are restive and constantly appealing for the protection which it is the province and duty of every government to afford its citizens. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, the medicine men of the world, are now at the department on their annual visit to urge the payment for their cargoes of Cherry Pectoral, Sarsaparilla and Pills—cargoes of mercy to the sick on distant shores, but which were ruthlessly burned by British pirates or sunk under the sea.—*Washington Intelligencer*.

EVERY MOTHER should read and have for constant reference this much-needed manual for the family, *MATERNITY*, by Dr. T. S. Verdi, of Washington, D. C. It is a complete family treatise on motherhood, treating of Pregnancy, Labor, the Nursing and Rearing of Infants, the Diseases of Children, the Care and Education of Youth, Reflection on Marriage. Emphatically and thoroughly commended by Distinguished Physicians, and by the Medical Religious and Secular Press.

Circulars sent on application, or Book sent free by mail, on receipt of price, \$2.50. Good canvassers wanted.

J. B. FORD & Co., Publishers,  
39 Park Row, New York.

**COUGHING CONGREGATIONS.**—Clergymen who are annoyed by fits of coughing and nasal trumpetings so common in churches and meeting-houses at this season of the year, cannot do better than recommend to their flocks an immediate resort to *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar*. The result of the advice, if taken, will be comparatively quiet on the succeeding Sabbath; for this potent remedy will by that time have effected a general cure. Many pastors know from experience the value of the preparation as a cure for bronchial affections and can therefore conscientiously endorse it. Sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents and \$1. Great saving by purchasing large size.

The infallibility of the Pope was recently decided upon by the Ecumenical Council, at Rome, but years ago it was demonstrated that *Dooley's Yeast Powder* was not only the best and cheapest but infallible also. Ask your grocer for it.

All people would undoubtedly prefer a fine head of hair grown upon their own heads to being bald, or wearing false hair; and it has been the study of many of our learned men to find a remedy to restore the hair when it has fallen out, and renew its color after it has become gray. Such a remedy has been found, and is now offered to the world under the name of *Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer*; and, to verify this statement, read the following:—

This is to certify that I was very bald; in fact, my head was perfectly smooth, and it is common in my family to grow bald early in life. I have now used four bottles of *Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer*, and the hair has grown out all over my head, and is now a natural brown.

BARTLEY CONLON,  
SCIPIO, JENNINGS CO., IND.,  
May 28, 1868.

Personally appeared before me Bartley Conlon, and, upon oath, says the above statement is true.

M. G. BUTLER, Notary Public.

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Send One Dollar and a postage stamp, for the best known method, which cannot fail if the directions are strictly followed. It makes soiled Kid Gloves equal to new, not injuring the most delicate colors, and leaving no unpleasant odor. Reliable references given, if required, before money is sent. Address

MRS. SOUTH,  
Care of the "Chicago Magazine of Fashion,"  
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Mrs. H. B. O'LEARY, M. D., will commence a morning Course of Lectures, for Ladies only, on *DISEASES OF WOMAN*, at 11 Clinton Place, New York, Tuesday morning, April 18th, at 11 o'clock, to be continued Tuesdays and Fridays, illustrated by means of a very extensive collection of models, manikins, &c., that she selected with great care, while in Europe, expressly for this purpose. Admission, first lecture, free.

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This is the season to cultivate, strengthen and increase the growth of the hair. Modern chemistry has satisfied the anxious world that

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### ADVICE TO THE BROKEN-DOWN IN HEALTH.

Those of BAD BLOOD and OLD MAIDS in particular:

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In these months HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA cures all eruptions of the skin.

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All Powders and outward applications destroy the skin, rendering it harsh and coarse. Look at the skin of old maids and those that have used such any length of time. My advice is to discontinue them and use

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

One bottle is equal in strength to one gallon of the syrups and decoctions as usually made, and a wine-glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated LISBON DIET DRINK.

TRY IT THIS WAY. A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE.

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A pleasant, safe and agreeable cathartic.

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Used in all affections where a purgative medicine is needed.

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Harmless to a child and taken by children.

HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,

Supersedes Magnesia, Salts and every other purgative.

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Certain in effect and pleasant in operation.

HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS,

Are composed of Catawba Grape Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb.

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See remarks of the great Chemists and Pill Men of America.

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The Pill I have thought of offering to the afflicted for ten years.

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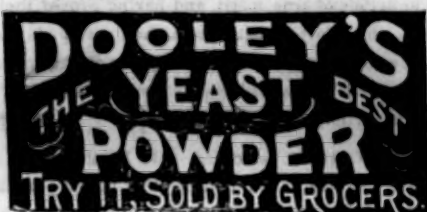
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